



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

church wall, thus inscribed—"Presented by a native of this parish. 'Fear God, and worship Him that made the fountains of water.'"—*Rev. xiv. 7.*—A collection of original drawings by Raphael and Michael Angelo, belonging to the Oxford University, are on public exhibition in London. Among the most notable are a portrait of Raphael, two studies in chiaroscuro, for the miracle of the wafer in the Vatican; a sketch of the man letting himself down from the wall of the Incendio del Borgo, in the same place; and a charcoal study of the celebrated figure with the vase on her head, for the same fresco. Then there is a sketch for the left-hand portion of the fresco of the "Cenacolo" in the Museum at Florence, and a very interesting outline of the "Entombment," apparently embodying the artist's first idea, as the body of Christ is nearly straight, and the general disposition of the figures differs considerably from the picture. A small colored drawing of the "Presentation in the Temple" is curious, and upsets "Mrs. Schimmelpennick's theory about Raphael having introduced the spiral columns into his cartoon of "Paul and Silas at the Beautiful Gate," for the purpose of contrasting their false curvature with the uprightness and simplicity of the principal figure, as the same columns appear in this without any apparent reason;" a sketch for one of the figures in the last bay of St. Peter's, at Rome, next the west front, which is remarkable for its inconsistency as well as for its graceful drawing. There is also a clever drawing by Giulio Clovis, the illuminator and pupil of Giulio Romano, of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and several sketches by Michael Angelo. Among others, a study from life, for one of the figures for the tomb of Lorenzo de Medici. It is stated that all the drawings by Raphael and Michael Angelo, known to be in England, are to be photographed and issued in a complete work. The drawings in the above collection (289 in number), formed part of the celebrated collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which collection was dispersed with the exception of the greater portion of the drawings of Raphael and Michael Angelo. These, after the most strenuous efforts of various lovers of art, were purchased by private subscription for the sum of £7,000, of which Lord Eldon alone subscribed the munificent sum of £3,000; and were presented to the University of Oxford. Another but smaller portion of the works of these two great masters passed at the same epoch into the collection of his majesty the king of Holland.—The sale by auction of Lord Northwick's gallery will stand recorded as one of the most remarkable that ever took place. The gross sum obtained was about £98,000. The reason why such a collection was dispersed is, that the late Lord Northwick died intestate; the heirs of his personal estate refused to take a very large sum offered them by his son and successor. Most of the pictures were old masters. A "St. John," by Carlo Dolce, realized 2,000 guineas. "Stoning of St. Stephen," by Girolami, 1,530 guineas. "A portrait subject," by Cuyt, brought 920 guineas. Modern works, however, realized the most proportionably. Two "Landscapes," by Nasmyth, for which the artist received £120, brought 1,270 guineas. A "Robin Hood" and "Marriage of Strongbow," by MacIise, brought—one 1,805 guineas, and the other, 1,710 guineas.

BRUXELLES.—At Ghent an exhibition has been held this summer with tolerable success, in a building that was formerly a Dominican church. In it, as everywhere else, *genre* art prevailed. Some of the good pictures are as follows: "A young Hungarian Mother," by Cermak; "The Inauguration of a Village Curé," by Corkole, in style and feeling like the pictures of the French artist Breton; "An Apprentice on his Travels," by

Hubner, of Dusseldorf; "A Painter and his Model," by Jernberg, also of Dusseldorf, and an artist possessing a better appreciation of color than his compatriots; a landscape of the Troyon stamp—"Two Cows and a young Girl," by Verwée, and others by Keelhof, Len, and Vanloo, in which department of Art the most "serious efforts" are now made in Belgium as in France. "Church Interiors," by Minguet and Bosboom; "Marines," by Le Hon and Meyer; "Horses," by Von Thoren; and "Street Views," by Weissenbruch and Springer, with some historical attempts, which complete the attractions of the exhibition.

PARIS.—An erroneous statement was made in our last number in regard to the lottery of works of Art attached to the French exhibition this year. The pictures that were purchased and distributed, numbered 128 (instead of 50), the cost of which amounted to 155,900frs.—The city of Brescia, in Italy, possesses an antique statue of "Victory," from which no cast has yet been allowed to be taken, although numerous applications have been made for it by powerful parties. Louis Napoleon, it seems, having expressed a desire for a copy, the authorities of Brescia, grateful for their deliverance by the French, have ordered a cast to be made, which is to be presented to the emperor, and placed in the Louvre.

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1859.

Sketchings.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

PATRIOTIC ART on a large scale is now in the ascendant. In our last number we chronicled the arrival of Mr. White from Paris with his large picture of "Washington Resigning his Commission," painted for the State of Maryland, and for the decoration of the identical room at Annapolis in which the ceremony commemorated by the picture took place. The picture is now finished, and is to be in its final resting-place by the first of December. This large canvas represents the closing act of Washington's military career, and the spectator is supposed to be looking into the apartment as a witness of the ceremony. The room is filled with members of Congress and persons cognizant of the proceeding, all so disposed as to suggest a special meeting, some of the figures being seated at a long table, others standing up behind and around the table, in order to obtain a good view, and others, again, just visible through an open door in the background, through which the crowd has but just entered. The members of Congress, many of whom wear hats according to a privilege of the time, are seated, also the speaker and clerk of the House, while Washington, in the strongest light of the picture, stands in an open space by the clerk's table, resting his hand upon his open commission which lies there. Washington wears a cloak, and holds his hat in his hand, which circumstances, together with a general aspect of informality in the room, indicate that the ceremony was a short one, as history records. The figures generally represent persons actually present, and among them appear Mrs. Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Charles Carroll and daughters, and well known members of Congress. An old revolutionary soldier is appropriately introduced. Over the entrance-door hang tattered colors, Hessian and English trophies taken at Yorktown and Trenton, between which are seen the

French and American flags. The artist has managed a difficult subject very successfully. Having no energetic posture or dramatic action to express, he has yet contrived to render a formal assembly interesting. By the arrangement and variety of his figures, all of them true in costume and character, by a judicious use of accessories, which are neither obtrusive in form nor color, and by making us feel the interest which the figures themselves take in the proceeding before us, all eyes being fixed on Washington, he has succeeded in impressing us with the solemnity of an important event in our national history. We have no doubt but that "Washington Resigning his Commission" will give perfect satisfaction to the people of Maryland, and take rank with the best efforts of its class. Mr. White receives \$6,000 for the picture, under circumstances that show the house of assembly of Maryland to be not only a considerate patron of Art, but a very generous one.

Rossiter and Mignot have been engaged for some months upon a picture representing Washington at Mount Vernon in 1784, before his presidency, and at the time that Lafayette paid him a visit there. The scene portrays Washington in a social aspect, free from military or political surroundings, at home with his family entertaining an old friend at the close of a clear summer day. The spectator looks towards the Potomac lengthwise of the piazza of the Mount Vernon mansion, which is all in broad shadow, the sun being behind the house; the landscape beyond is in a warm sunset glow. Washington and Lafayette stand together, the latter carelessly leaning against the square column of the piazza, dressed in red, according to the French fashion of the day, and holding behind him a copy of the Pennsylvania Gazette, while Washington fronts him, evidently interested in conversation, as is manifested by an easy attitude and an emphasizing gesture of his hands. On the right, and a little further back, Mrs. Washington and a lady visitor appear seated at a table, the attention of the former being diverted by a child, Amelia Custis, who has laid her head in her grandmother's lap. Upon the left, and upon the lawn in front of the piazza, are seen a lad, G. W. P. Custis, and a negro servant, both over a small cannon, the negro blowing with all her might upon a fuse, while two dogs are capering about, half suspicious of some proceeding that is going to frighten them. Beyond, and occupying all of the canvas not appropriated to architecture, we see the landscape, a bright green lawn, crossed by long evening shadows, its trees and shrubbery overhanging a summer-house on the brink of the Potomac River, whose glittering surface sparkles through the branches, winding away beyond the foliage and behind the columns of the piazza, until it is lost on the line of the warm, glowing horizon. Again we have a simple and difficult subject, a union of important figures and important scenery. In our estimation, both features of pictorial art are happily combined. The figures, although in shadow, or rather visible in the unfocused light of daylight, are carefully worked up in detail so as to secure a full share of attention, while the broad, luminous landscape presents no one object that interferes with them, and yet possesses all the interest which the time and place calls for. "Washington at Mount Vernon" is now being engraved from the small completed study in England. So far as effect is concerned, the engraving will be superior to the picture, some of the beauties that appertain to composition being more forcibly expressed in *chiaroscuro*.

CRANCH, in Paris, now occupies the studio lately vacated by Edwin White. He has just finished a picture (30 x 20) of figures

and landscape, representing a group of children letting a bird go, under some beech-trees. Mr. Cranch has been paying more attention to figures in combination with landscape than heretofore, a direction of study that seems to be gaining ground. One of his latest works is an "Interior of Fontainebleau Forest," painted in Rome, in which city he also painted a "Sunset on the Lake of Lucerne" (purchased by a Mr. Dana, of Boston), a highly successful and beautiful work, together with a "Sunset View of Mont Blanc," for Mr. Alger, of Newburg, N. Y., and several small works of Roman, Swiss and forest views.

Among the private galleries accessible to amateurs, we would call attention to Mr. Rossiter's, No. 17 West 38th street. Mr. Rossiter's gallery is open on Wednesdays to the public, without tickets, and on Thursdays and Fridays of each week by tickets, which can be procured at the principal bookstores, and at the color stores. One of the principal attractions of the gallery is Mr. Rossiter's large picture of "The Captivity of the Jews at Babylon," never before publicly visible in this city. Besides this, there is a study-picture of "The Life of Christ," in which every act and precept of Christ in the Testament is symbolized. Various works in addition, by Cole, Kensett, Cassilear, Hicks, and others, including sundry works by French artists, make a very interesting collection.

APPLETON'S BUILDINGS, Sept. 10, 1859.

Dear Crayon:

Permit me to suggest an exhibition of the works of Mr. Thomas Sully. This honored name has been associated with the history of American Art for half a century. Mr. Sully has painted the portraits of very many distinguished men and beautiful women, besides admirable works in every department of Art, and a collection might be brought together which would be very interesting to the public, honorable to the painter's genius and industry, and, I doubt not, profitable in every way.

Where such an exhibition should take place, whether here or in Philadelphia, might be a question; but I should say in New York.

Hoping this hint may be favorably received, and that such a testimonial may be offered to an artist we so much venerate and admire,

I am, faithfully yours,

D. H.

This suggestion by our valued correspondent is a most welcome one. Philadelphia would, doubtless, claim the honor of carrying it out, and yet we should like to see New York claim it. Few of the present generation are acquainted with the peculiar excellences or have any idea of the variety of subjects treated by Mr. Sully. An exhibition every winter, consisting entirely of the works of one artist, is in itself a good idea; certainly no better selection could be made than this of Mr. Sully to begin with.

T. BUCHANAN READ has in his studio a portrait of Longfellow painted during the past summer, and which is one of his best productions. The poet appears before us in his studio, a clock, desk, books, and a statuette of Goethe, forming the accessories around him. The likeness is both spirited and striking. Mr. Read is engaged upon a subject taken from the "Wept of Wish-ton-wish,"—Wm. Hart's studies from nature are the first of the season that we have had a glimpse of. Mr. Hart has been passing the summer at Portland and on the Androscoggin River. His studies support his assertion, that the region watered by that river is one of the most picturesque of our country, and superior to any other in New England. In addition to a large number of oil-sketches, Mr. Hart made a series of pencil drawings, in which the composition, or in less technical phraseology, the arrangement of water, foliage and mountains, as nature gives

it, and Mr. Hart selects it, is unusually pleasing.—Thompson, who cuts cameos so exquisitely, has just completed one of Dr. Vanderberg, which is a remarkably fine piece of portraiture in this line. The delicate cutting and precision of drawing in these small works of Art by Mr. Thompson, make them truly Art-treasures. Mr. Thompson has modelled (life-size) a bust of the late Dr. Hull, which is fine in character, and a faithful likeness.—Mr. Durand returns from the Genesee River valley with his usual number of studies from nature. These consist almost entirely of trees, painted with fidelity and with a view to a different study of trees from that of his previous efforts.

The French and English exhibition, now open at the rooms of the National Academy of Design, deservedly excites the admiration of lovers of Art. We hope to give an extended notice of it in our next number, when all of the pictures set down in the catalogue will be hung. Some of the most important works have not been put up, at the time we write, being still on the way from England. Ary Scheffer, Couture, Troyon, the two Frères, Rosa Bonheur and her sister Madame Peyrol, Gerome, Brion, Lambinet, etc., of the French school, and Stanfield, Linnell, Millais and some of the pre-Raphaelites of the English school are all represented. For the privilege of enjoying the collection the public is indebted to the enterprise of Mr. Gambart, of London.

BALTIMORE.—A correspondent sends us the following account of "The Allston Association of Baltimore." "This association, organized for the advancement of Art culture, and to provide for a more intimate social intercourse among artists and lovers of Art, has recently entered upon the occupancy of the dwelling prepared for it, No. 40 St. Paul street, Baltimore. The building affords the members a fine suite of rooms upon two floors, running back a depth of one hundred and forty feet, and provides, also, on the premises, a residence for a steward. The parlors and a broad hall are appropriated to a perpetual and constantly renewed exhibition of the choicest works of Art that the association may be able to procure by loan from its members, or from artists and amateurs abroad. A reading room is supplied with the best Art journals of England, France and America, and will be furnished, in course of time, with a complete library of Art criticism. Music, billiards and chess are also provided in suitable apartments; a smoking room and "tea rooms," where, within certain limitations, refreshments are served, complete the social attractions of the association at present. It is in contemplation to extend specific aid to a life school, and to provide for students of Art a set of casts from the antique. The superintendence of the exhibition is exercised by a standing committee of five members, under the following by-law:

"The committee on exhibitions shall have power to receive, or reject any work of Art, in its own discretion.

Works intended for exhibition, must be accompanied by notes specifying the names of the owners, the titles of the works, and their value (that they may be insured), and the same shall be recorded in a book to be kept for the purpose, a copy of which (omitting the value except in cases where works are for sale), shall be placed in the exhibition room, as a permanent catalogue.

The committee shall be empowered to solicit at home or abroad works of Art for exhibition, and shall see that all expenses incurred in removing to and fro, such works, including insurance on transportation, when necessary, are paid by the association.

The committee is charged to take all precautions for the protection of every work in its care, and upon no pretence to permit any to be

touched, handled or removed from the places which they shall appoint for them.

It is understood that no work shall be copied without permission of the owner.

The association has entered upon its existence with great animation and every assurance of a permanent success. It numbers already about one hundred and fifty members. Ladies may become members, and may be introduced by members without restriction. Gentlemen of the city or strangers may be introduced on the terms usual with clubs. The association designs to give occasional *soirées*, conversational, musical and literary, during the season. The first of these will take place early in the present month."

PROVIDENCE.—Among the artists of Providence are to be found the names of Hoppin, Robinson, Anable, Mark Waterman, Fred Batcheller, Jas. M. Lewis, George Owen, and others. Robinson has just returned from a year's absence in Europe, and has brought with him twenty copies of famous works of art, which he has made during his absence, most of which were ordered by gentlemen of this city. Among them are full-sized copies of Rosa Bonheur's "Hay Field" and "Plough Field," the former six feet by three, and the latter somewhat smaller. This artist, together with Geo. Owen, a promising young artist of this city, not yet twenty years of age, will take a studio in New York the ensuing winter. Jas. M. Lewin, a landscape painter of great popularity here, is spending the summer at Conway, N. H., taking sketches of the White Mountains.—*Cor. of Evening Post.*

BOSTON.—Some particulars of the Athenæum Exhibition are given by Dwight's "Journal of Music," as follows:

The second Exhibition of the Athenæum Gallery has now been open for some time, attracting many visitors. It is unusually interesting from the large number of new pictures. . . . Among those most attract attention, is the large picture of "Hamlet and Ophelia," by C. Schuëssle; also "The Kentucky Home," a most characteristic picture of the domestic life of the Kentucky plantation. . . . Several pictures by W. J. Stillman deservedly attract much notice, particularly one which attempts to give that finest of all the distant views of Boston from Wellington Hill. Others show the result of his studies in the picturesque region of the Adirondac, and the Saranac Lakes. Others of our artists show us the fruit of their summer studies in the mountains of New Hampshire and along our Massachusetts sea-coast. Champney, Gerry, Gay, Williams, and others, offer many beautiful sketches and more elaborately finished pictures drawn from these sources of inspiration. The readers of Carlyle's "Frederic" will gladly look upon the admirable picture by Leutze, which introduces all the personages of the Prussian Court, in a brilliantly lighted gallery, at the moment when the young prince, afterwards the great Frederic, on his return from imprisonment, throws himself at the feet of his royal mother. . . . There are many exquisite landscapes by W. S. Haseltine, of German and Italian scenery, showing the culture of the Düsseldorf school; while Wild, of a different school, gives glowing pictures of Venetian life not less attractive or excellent.—Kensett contributes some fine landscapes, of which we would especially notice "The Wadsworth Oak." . . . W. P. W. Dana has many landscapes of French scenery, and a charming picture, "Violets, two sous a bunch."—Champney's picture of old "Chocorus," the most picturesque and bold of all our New England mountains, is worthy of its subject, and numerous landscapes by Bierstadt, are worth of study and attention. The portraits are of unusual excellence.—Wight has several fine pictures besides the portrait of the Hon. Charles Sumner.—Walter Brackett contributes several of much merit.—Ordway has several; and one, of the children of Longfellow, is such a picture of youthful beauty as we should expect from the poet painter,

T. Buchanan Read.—Some beautiful crayon heads by Cheney, Rowse Johnson, and others, together with spirited water-color pictures by M. G. Wheelock and E. C. Cabot.

OTTO.—Powell, whose picture of the "Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto," adorns the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, has been commissioned by the State of Ohio to paint "The Battle of Lake Erie," for the Capitol of that State. He was in Providence recently, to visit Dr. Parsons, who is the last surviving commissioned officer attached to the flag-ship on that day, and to obtain from him certain details for the picture.—*Church Record*.

CHICAGO.—It may not be generally known to our readers that Volk, the sculptor, of this city, whose studio is in Portland Block, cuts cameos most beautifully. He has recently finished six for an English gentleman, which were admirably executed. They were Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Webster, Clay, and Scott; also cameos of Lieut. Col. Graham, U. S. Army, and other well known residents of this city. He leaves us next month for Europe, with the intention of making Florence his residence for at least several years.—*Church Record*.

M. Knœdler, the representative of the Paris house of Goupil & Co., is soon to remove his Art gallery and color store to a fine new store on the corner of Broadway and Ninth st. The new place is fitted up with taste and unusually convenient apartments for the display of paintings and engravings. The light is excellent, there being plenty of it and well distributed. Few places in the city will present greater attractions to persons who desire to purchase works of Art, or study its progress in the way of current publications.

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE.

ANDROMAC WOODS, Sept. 18th.

My dear Crayon:

If any one wants to see the carnival of Nature, this is the place and time. I do not think that I have ever seen in any place such a beautiful garb as these mountains put on, rising from the lake shores in a blaze of golden green, pure gold and scarlet, with which there is occasionally a mass of dark spruce and pointed firs, breaking the brilliant robe with spots of sombreness, like little cloud-shadows. The most singular effect of this change here, where the mountains are, as far as the eye can reach, one unbroken forest, is that when it commences, the first effect we see is that the spruce and other evergreens seem to be growing blacker. One does not realize that it is a change in the deciduous foliage, from the cool, deep green of summer, to a paler, more golden green; it is so equal and gradual, and keeps up its tone so perfectly, that it attracts no attention to itself; but the "dark wood," as the guides call evergreens, being in a minority, seems to change, nor can the eye, even in the later phases of the effect, be satisfied that the dark wood is where it was in color, and all else is changed. The change has now just reached its finest state, in which the great mass of deciduous forest, the beeches, maples, birches, etc., are of a prevalent golden green, with here and there a crimson and an intense orange—not garish or overheat, but simply glowing all over, with points of intensity here and there. The autumn change reaches its climax in ten days, at most, here; a week ago there was scarcely a bright leaf—a week more the red leaves will be flying, and if any one would see the most gorgeous appearance nature ever puts on, he must be here during that ten days—of some future year. A few days hence there will be more color but less charm—a surfeit of magnificence which shall cloy the sense of color and weary the eye.

This seems to me the great mistake of all the artists who have attempted to paint our autumn scenery—they forget that

jewels, to have any effect adequate to their value, must have a large field of negative tone to display on, as any landscape, to give the highest effect of color, must be mainly in greys and greyish tints. 'Tis true that nature does sometimes give us these garish displays, but very rarely, and then only in portions of her whole field. We may find a hill-side in gold and scarlet, but if we look the whole scene over, that hill-side becomes only a spot in it, a point of higher intensity. And nature, besides, is not Art—she does many things which Art ought not, as well as many which it cannot. The color of nature, *perfectly* rendered (so far as *tint* is concerned, the *intensity* is not only impossible but undesirable), will never be crude—it may be disagreeably intense; it will never be glaring; it may be garish ("Hide me from garish day") and we have no business with the disagreeable phases of nature, or rather we have no business to choose the least agreeable when the more agreeable are open to our choice. It is perfectly true that there is nothing in nature that has not beauty, and nothing even that we can render the beauty of, *entirely*, but the same margin must be given in all cases, and this very necessity urges that we should select those things which, after this margin is left, shall give us the most result—so that the apparent arguments for the actual worthiness of all things, become really arguments for the comparative unworthiness of most things.

I have made a large portfolio to my small temple—a long preamble to so small a precept as that our autumn changes may be made unartistic, which we always admit before certain pictures, yet might be disposed to deny before nature. Our bad colorists (?) always run to autumn for help to get their pictures out of good-for-nothingness; they only make them worse than good for nothing—they become nuisances.

The fact is, that we understand very little the true relation of Color to Art, or rather its position in it. Every artist knows (if he knows what good color is) that the excellence of color is not in its excess, or even in its fullness, but in the justness and harmony of its relations, and in the tints having certain powers and effects on each other. Now, the tints of nature are always in a certain harmony of illumination, because they are the effects of one light, and if you put a piece of absolute green drapery by the side of a piece of red in sunlight, there is an accidental harmony induced by the light itself, which modifies the two discordant colors. But this no more makes red and green harmonize than shadow did before. And this leads me to the great distinction between the color of nature and that of Art—the former is in accidental relation, harmonized by illumination, the latter is in absolute harmonic relation as fully as any notes in music. Nature may bring together two colors which have inherent disagreement, Art never does (except like music, it may use discords for the sake of harmonic effects). The value of Nature's color is in its fullness and individual richness, its depth, its brilliancy, or its prifeness; the value of artistic color is altogether in its keeping its tints in accord with each other in obedience to the laws of color.

Here arises a distinction which divides artists into two classes, those who see color, and those who feel it—the color of nature is something to be seen and copied; that of Art is an inspiration like music: and a man may see with the utmost exactness, and copy with the utmost fidelity the tints of nature, yet not have the sentiment of color, the inspiration of a true colorist in the least; and on the other hand, an artist may never attempt to follow the exact tints of nature, and yet be always harmonious and artistic in the colors he gives her. Everybody

can recall instances of the former. Turner was the most remarkable instance of the latter the world has ever seen.

We should, in Art criticism, make a distinction on this basis, and call the two classes of *artists* in pigment, *painters* and *colorists*. An artist is a colorist proper according as he develops that color-motive which corresponds in its relation to the visible, to music in its relation to the audible, and the general laws by which musical criticism is governed are entirely analogous to those by which color criticism must be governed. The exact rendering of the tints of nature are, then, no more artistic than the notations of a conversation in musical symbols—while the simplest harmony of grey and blue is as much a matter of Art as the combination of chords or the melody of poetry, for versification itself is only a phase of musical art.

The painter, then, in our division of artists, would be the prose-renderer of the visible world, the colorist the poet, and these distinctions will always be as absolute as in literature; a prose writer may be ever so poetical in his thought, ever so imaginative or grand in conception—we never call him a poet unless his works take the poetic *form*, which is, after all, only the natural consequence of their being *entirely* poetical in substance. What the distinction between poetry and truth not poetry, is, I am not going to discuss; we recognize a distinction, and feel always that the term prose-poem is nonsense, and that a prose poet is not a poet; though he may have *most* of the qualities which go to make a poet—he lacks *one*, and lacking that, is as incomplete as a bird without wings.

The poetry of painting is not either in its color alone any more than the poetry of literature is in versification, yet cannot exist without any more than in the latter case. No poet ever was without the feeling for melody in verse which enabled him to make good verses (I doubt if any but a true poet ever made true verse), and so no poet in painting was without the inspiration of color.

One consequence more I wish to state, necessary, it seems to me, to the truth of what I have said, viz.: that not only is the perfection of color *not* the exact tinting of nature, but it can never be the same—the action of the color-feeling will always modify whatever tints it sees in nature, just as much as a poet puts in metre and rhyme things which were said in plain prose—and cannot do otherwise and write a poem.

Well, I have wandered from the subject I commenced with to that which I wanted to talk of—I have been consistent with my doctrine in taking a theme only from nature. I shall, sometime when I am more at leisure to write than I can be in camp, say something further in regard to this development of color science and its analogies with musical science.

Yours faithfully,

W. J. S.

Studies among the Leaves.

A good book of travels is a rare treat. Books of travel were once only written by men of observation, of knowledge, of taste, and of feeling, by men who travelled to obtain and convey information, whereas now they are generally written by men with eyes, but with scarcely any other sign of capacity—men who travel either for amusement or to get rid of ennui, and who pay their expenses by writing a book. It is refreshing to find a book of travels that has become a classic, reprinted, annotated and admired by one generation after another, a book the writer of which shows that he could appreciate objects, customs and peo-

ple without carping at them from conventional points of view, and yet with individuality enough and candor enough to let one see the true foundation of his tastes and prejudices, so that his readers can judge for themselves of the value of his facts and comments. Such a book is the "Familiar Letters from Italy," by Charles de Brosses. The author of the "Familiar Letters" was a lawyer, a man of learning, a wit, a school companion of Buffon, a contemporary with Voltaire, with whom he had the honor of a quarrel, the author of several important geographical, philological and historical works, and a man who illustrates forcibly the peculiar qualities of a Frenchman of the polite society of the days of the *ancien régime*. His "Familiar Letters," like all human productions, contains for our instruction both good and evil, that which amuses and that which offends; but there is very little hypocrisy in them, scarcely a high dilution of it in the shape of affectation. De Brosses wrote because he saw things to admire, because he possessed taste, humor, learning and good nature, and because writing evidently was no task to him.

Europe changes its outward forms but little in the course of a hundred and twenty years, and yet one recognizes, by reading the letters of De Brosses, that great changes have taken place in its social aspects. The French revolution swept away many noble types of humanity and aspects of social intercourse, along with its political errors and characters, and not only in France, but particularly in Italy. We have no space to quote all the passages that present contrasts in this respect between Italy of the present day and Italy of the past; and, besides, if we did so, we might be called on to argue certain points which we have no disposition to do. For "a taste," however, we will quote De Brosses' account of his interview with one of those remarkable women who are now historical marvels, and who, with no "rights," certainly learned more without, than women of today learn with them. The lady referred to is La Signora Agnesi. De Brosses says to his correspondent:

"I desire to make known to you, my dear president, a kind of literary phenomenon which I have just encountered, and which struck me as *una cosa più stupenda* than the dome of Milan, and one that at the same time almost caught me napping. I have just returned from the house of Signora Agnesi, whom I informed you yesterday I intended to visit. I was shown into a large and beautiful apartment, where I found thirty persons of every nation in Europe arranged in a circle, and Mademoiselle Agnesi alone seated by the side of her little sister on a sofa. She is a girl of eighteen or twenty years of age, neither handsome nor ugly, and with a very mild and innocent expression. The first thing that was done was to bring some iced water, which appeared to me a very good sign. In going there I supposed that it was only for the purpose of conversing with the young lady in an ordinary manner; instead of that, Count Belloni, who introduced me, made of the visit a kind of public ceremony. He began by addressing to the young lady an elegant harangue in Latin so as to be heard by every one present. She replied happily, after which they began a discussion in the same language, upon the origin of springs, and upon the causes which in some of them produce an ebb and flow like that of the sea. She spoke like an angel on this subject; I never heard anything similar that satisfied me more. This finished, Count Belloni begged me to discuss with her, in the same manner, any subject that I pleased, provided it was mathematical or philosophical. I was quite dumbfounded to find that I was obliged to harangue impromptu, and to speak for an hour in a language